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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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STATE BURDENS ON LITERATURE.

We are accustomed to rejoice in having a free press in this country. And in one great and important sense it is free. The state, nevertheless, imposes restrictions upon literature, the force of which is far beyond what even the state itself is conscious of. These literary trammels are fastened by the gentle hand of the excise-man, and are overlooked as only part of that general evil which consists in the necessity of raising a revenue. So insidious is the bondage, that we have even heard individuals, and these well informed in most things, expressing their belief that it is no bondage at all.

If an author has to advertise a new work, he pays one-and-sixpence to the government for permission to do so. Well, what is one-and-sixpence? A very small sum standing by itself; but then, unluckily, there is a multitude of journals in which the advertisement must appear, if the author or publisher would wish to have the whole public informed on the subject. It is also necessary to repeat the advertisement in some of the principal journals several times. If this be considered, it will be easy to see how soon five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds may be given to the state as permission to make known the publication of a single book.* When it is further considered that only a small proportion of the books published pay the expenses of paper and print, it will be seen that a publisher, advertising all his books alike, and very naturally laying on those which pay the losses of those which do not, will have a pretty large sum to reckon as the advertisement-duty burden upon his most successful productions.

Take the matter in another way. The number of advertisements of new books which appear each day in the *Times* is at an average about a hundred. In other four morning newspapers, the number on the day pitched on at random for the inquiry was a hundred and fifty. Assuming that this latter number is also an average, the total number *per diem* in five morning newspapers alone is two hundred and fifty. It therefore appears that the literature of this country pays £18, 15s. to the government every morning for permission to make itself known through only about the one-hundredth part of our journals! This is £5850 a year. The literary advertisements in the *Athenaeum* are computed to yield £500 a year of duty. The returns from the other literary journals, and the newspapers which have a partially-literary character, are on

a similar scale of importance. If to these we add the masses of literary advertisements under the covers of magazines and reviews, it will scarcely appear an unreasonable estimate that this class of notices pays in all £12,000 a year, being a little more than double what is tolerably well ascertained to be exigible through the five morning papers.

Think of this profession—a profession proverbially as stinted in its remunerations as it is brilliant in its results—taxed in £18, 15s. a day through only five of the journals! Think of so large a sum as £12,000 being even surmised as the annual amount of the tax which the literary men of this country pay for leave to toil in the business of amusing, instructing, and refining their fellow-citizens! A gentleman exposes his life in penetrating to some unfrequented region, and if he has the good fortune to return home, he writes an account of his travels for the information of his countrymen. This man, with no sordid objects in view, desirous only of extending the domains of knowledge, must pay a tax before he can be permitted to confer an obligation upon his kind. A learned student or experimentalist shuns delights, and lives laborious days, that he may be able to add some new truth to the brilliant stock already in existence, that so man may be the sooner able to comprehend the ways of God in the world, and accommodate his life to rational and happiness-conferring principles. If this man has to give his new truths in the form of a book, he must make up his mind to paying a certain number of one-and-sixpences. The most eloquent soul-stirring address on some public interest of the highest importance has to submit to a tax before it can reach, in a book form, those whom its author proposes to benefit. A vast proportion of the books which appear in the world are the composition of a proverbially poor and struggling class, who endeavour by such means to make a livelihood, often while training themselves for higher efforts in behalf of their species. The poorest garretter of them all is taxed for permission to labour in that sad field. Our government, we believe, spends a few hundreds a year in pensions to literary men, and is by no means sure that it is doing quite a right thing in thus using the public money. But it has no hesitation in grinding twelve thousand a year, in this particular way, off the faces of the literary fraternity generally. On the whole, it takes care not to encourage too much the making of books.

But the books published in this country pay another and severer tax. The paper employed is excised in the rate of fourteen guineas a ton, being about a fifth of the selling price of most papers used for printing. This being somewhat under seven farthings a pound weight, an ordinary octavo volume pays as tax but a small proportion of its selling price; and hence the burden is thought by

* Not many years ago, when somewhat greater reliance was placed upon the effect of advertising than now, £100 was understood to be the average cost of advertising a novel. In such a case, the burden of advertisement duty would be above the highest rate stated.

many to be a light one. Even though it were light, the question might be asked, Shall we tax the vehicle in which the glorious illumination of knowledge is to be spread abroad? The government itself is sensible that, however light, it must operate repressingly on the dissemination of books, for it expressly exempts the Bible from paper-duty, on an understanding that the circulation of the sacred volume may be thereby promoted. In reality, the difference between four and five in the price of the chief material of books, must operate considerably on the selling price of all of them, seeing that, to cover risk, and remunerate outlay, this original charge must be increased in no small degree to the purchaser. If we reflect, moreover, that the paper-duty on unsaleable book-stock must be charged on what is saleable before the trade of the publisher can be a thriving one, we shall find that, even on the highest class of books, the burden is not light. It is, however, on the great mass of cheap reprints, and cheap original works and periodicals, that the paper-duty tells most severely. Mr Charles Knight, by his *Penny Cyclopaedia*, conferred a great benefit on the mass of the people of this country, but made nothing by it for himself. The work paid directly in paper-duty £16,500, but was burdened indirectly through that means to the extent, as he calculated, of £29,000. If even the smaller of these sums had remained with the publisher, his enterprise would have been splendidly remunerated. The *Miscellany of Tracts* of Messrs Chambers—one of the most popular periodicals ever started—was given up when it had extended to twenty volumes. The publishers saw some advantages in limiting the work to this magnitude; but, if its circulation of 80,000 copies had been sufficiently remunerative to compensate for the labour attendant on the publication, it would have been carried on, and might have accomplished a still greater amount of good. Now this little work, at the time of its conclusion, had paid upwards of £5000 of paper-duty. Had that sum remained with the publishers, the profit would have been more than sufficient to induce them to go on with the publication. It may be said, why not take something equivalent from the quantity of paper and print? Because, in that case, the attraction of the cheapness would have been diminished, and the sale would accordingly have been restricted, perhaps to a point equally destructive of remuneration. The quantity of paper used annually in the office of Messrs Chambers pays above £3000 to the state. That is to say, as one of the firm lately remarked on a public occasion, ‘we struggle, by means of infinite mechanical appliances, and by the highest available intellectual and moral resources, to aid in the education of the people of this country; and the state, which has never yet gone heartily into this duty itself, steps forward and imposes a burden of three thousand a year upon our exertions!’ The publishing business has for some years past been rapidly going into the system of large transactions and small profits—the perfection of trade—and consequently the shade of price constituted by the paper-duties becomes always more and more telling on the business itself. Cases like those of Messrs Knight and Chambers are peculiarly striking; but the same truth holds good in greater or less degree over all those large departments of business in which school-books and popular literature generally are concerned. A remission of paper-duties might not in every case secure a reduction of price in works already in progress; but it might tell there in allowing better materials to be used, and in affording a higher scale of remuneration to authors. All future works would of course proceed on calculations in which a duty-free paper would form an element.

The paper-tax is far from being inconsiderable in its effect upon newspapers. In the *Times* it is £16,000 a year. An English provincial newspaper, which is

the advocate of every truly liberal measure, and which spares no labour, and scarcely any cost, in making itself ‘a good bargain’ to its purchasers, pays about £1000 a year in paper-duty. This is a mere shade upon the single copy; but the profit of the proprietors is only a shade also, and this thousand pounds would raise their concern from a somewhat bare to an amply-remunerative one. The poorest country prints would save from £80 to £100 a year by a remission of the paper-duty, and this is a saving which would prove an immense encouragement to many of those small but useful concerns. We have in this country hardly any idea of the convenience of an untaxed press. A newspaper is with us so dear, in consequence of its taxes, that only rich people can afford one for themselves. Possibly the nineteen-twentieths go through a succession of hands, pass from town to country, and from country to town, in order that the expense may be defrayed or justified by the multitude of readers. The trouble thus occasioned is very great, and of course for a fifth or sixth reader the news are likely to be somewhat stale. The American has the *New York Herald* every ordinary day of the week for about a penny; and there are similar daily papers in almost every town of the Union which has 3000 inhabitants. The convenience of the cheap press is precisely the same as that of the cheap post. It is one of the things necessary in a community to complete the condition of a high organization. The comparative numbers circulated by the untaxed press of foreign countries is comparative to post-office returns since the Rowland Hill revolution. The publishers of the *New York Herald* have a circulation far beyond the *Times*. Proceeding at the rate it does, they expect it to be 100,000 in a very few years, besides a back-sale of equal amount per week, or 700,000 per week in all. The paper used for the *Herald* would in this country be taxed to the amount of £48,000 a year*—a sum probably much exceeding the whole expenses required for obtaining intelligence for a first-rate London daily journal. A light tax indeed! It might be a trifle in the days of the printing-press; but in those of the printing-machine it is certainly so no longer.

The general apathy on, or ignorance of, the State Burdens on the Press, forms a remarkable illustration of the insidious nature of indirect taxation. Men childishly grumble at a direct assessment—an honest, downright tax, perhaps of no unreasonable amount. To a far heavier impost, which assumes the base disguise of a part of the price of some article they are daily using, they submit with the patience of doves. This impost may press upon some of the springs of industry; it may check the noble economy of insurance, or discourage the community in moral courses of still greater importance. No matter—it avoids the unpleasant appearance or name of a tax, and may therefore remain. An enormous expense for collecting, and a frivilous amount of demoralisation through smuggling, are part of the sacrifice which the public makes for the puerile satisfaction of not being taxed directly. Unhappy John Bull, not to know that, in whatever way the money goes out of thy pocket, it is so much abstracted from thy resources—so much the less in thy balance-sheet at the end of the year! It is not uncommon to hear some one of the ‘twenty-eight millions mostly fools,’ as one of their favourite writers pleasantly calls them, remarking that it is of no use taking off a tax from an article of ordinary consumption; because, when the leather-tax was reduced, nobody got his shoes sensibly cheaper. Can any one prove to us that the public was shod better or so well with a heavy tax upon the requisite materials? Grant

* These facts are from a short vigorous pamphlet, entitled, ‘A Letter to Lord John Russell, from a Paper-maker.’ Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1830.

it were but a penny upon a pair of shoes, the twenty-eight millions will undoubtedly pay this penny, and when the tax is taken off, they will get their shoes either so much cheaper, or, what is the same thing, so much better. One way or another, competition must bring the money to their side of the account.

We are sensible of going somewhat out of our ordinary path in thus advertizing to fiscal matters; but we trust to be excused for a little freedom on account of the great cause in which we speak. The Printing Machine is now the great instructor of this nation. Freedom to write, speak, and publish, is the highest boast of our state. The masses need knowledge for their right guidance, and the few are interested in giving it to them, lest in ignorance they misuse their power. But who can adequately describe on any space of paper the vast interests which depend on the diffusion of the productions of the press throughout the land? Shall a let be suffered to remain on this mighty and most serviceable engine, merely for the sake of a few hundred thousands of revenue? Forbid it every guardian genius to whom Britain has ever looked for protection, for guidance, or for help!

R. C.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

THE LAST TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PUSS IN BOOTS,'
'CINDERELLA,' 'LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD,' &c.

ONCE upon a time, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was born Charles Perrault. We pass over his boyhood and youth to the period when, after having long filled the situation of Commissioner of Public Buildings, he fell into disgrace with his patron, the prime minister Colbert, and was obliged to resign his situation. Fortunately he had not been unmindful of prudential economy during the days of prosperity, and had made some little savings, on which he retired to a small house in the Rue St Jacques, and devoted himself to the education of his children.

About this time he composed his fairy tales. He himself attached little literary importance to productions destined to be handed down to posterity, ever fresh and ever new. He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for the evening's amusement. Thus were produced in their turn 'Cinderella,' 'Little Red Riding-Hood,' 'Blue Beard,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Riquet with the Tuft,' and many other wondrous tales which men now, forsooth, pretend to call fictions. Charles Lamb knew better. He was once looking for books for a friend's child, and when the bookseller, seeing him turn from shelves loaded with Mrs Trimmer and Miss Edgeworth, offered him modern tales of fay and genii, as substitutes for his old favourites, he exclaimed, 'These are not my own *true* fairy tales!'

When surrounded by his grandchildren, Perrault related to them the stories he had formerly invented for his children. One evening, after having repeated for the seventh or eighth time the clever tricks of 'Puss in Boots,' Mary, a pretty little girl of seven years of age, climbed up on her grandfather's knee, and giving him a kiss, put her little dimpled hands into the curly hair of the old man's large wig.

'Grandpapa,' said she, 'why don't you make beautiful stories for us as you used to do for papa and my uncles?'

'Yes,' exclaimed the other children, 'dear grandpapa, you must make a story entirely for ourselves.'

Charles Perrault smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in the smile. 'Ah, dear children,' said he, 'it is very long since I wrote a fairy tale, and I am not as young as I was then. You see I require a stick to enable me to get along, and am bent almost double, and can walk but very very slowly. My eyes are so dim, I can hardly distinguish your little merry faces; my ear can hardly catch the sound of your voices; nor is my mind what it was. My imagination has lost its vigour and freshness; memory itself has nearly deserted

me; but I love you dearly, and like to give you pleasure. However, I doubt if my poor bald head could now make a fairy tale for you, so I will tell you one which I heard so often from my mother that I think I can repeat it word for word.'

The children joyfully gathered around the old man, who passed his hands for a moment across his wrinkled brow, and began his story as follows:—

My mother and your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linendraper, who, at the time I speak of, had been residing for three years in the Rue des Bourdonnais, close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening, having gone alone to vespers at the church of St Eustace, as she was hastening home to her mother, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying her, she heard a great noise at the top of the street, and looking up, saw an immense mob hurrying along, shouting and hooting. As they were then in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, Madeline in alarm hurried towards the house, and having opened the door by a latch-key, was turning to close it, when she was startled on seeing behind her a woman wrapped in a black mantle holding two children by the hand. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop, exclaiming, 'In the name of all you hold most dear, save me! Hide me and my children in some corner of your house! However helpless and unfortunate I may appear at this moment, doubt not my power to prove my gratitude to you.'

'I should want no reward for helping the distressed,' said Madeline, deeply touched by the mother's agony; 'but poor protection can this house afford against a brutal mob.' The stranger cast a hurried and tearful glance around; when, suddenly uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye upon part of the floor almost concealed by the shop counter, and rushing to the spot, exclaimed, 'I have it!—I have it!' As she spoke, she lifted a trap-door contrived in the floor, opening on a stone staircase which led to a subterranean passage; and snatching up her children in her arms, darted down into the gulf, leaving my mother stupefied with astonishment. But the cries of the mob, who had by this time reached the shop, and were clamorously demanding admittance, roused her; and quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father, who came down in great alarm.

After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. The mob consisted of two or three hundred miserable tattered wretches, who poured into the house; and after searching every corner of it, without finding anything, were so furious with disappointment, that they seized upon Madeline and her father.

'Deliver up to us the woman we are looking for!' they exclaimed. 'She is a vile sorceress, an enemy to the citizens of Paris; she takes the part of the hated Austrian against us; she is the cause of all the famine and misery that is desolating Paris. We must have her and her children, that we may wreak just vengeance on them!'

'We know not who you mean,' replied my grandfather, who in truth was quite ignorant of what had occurred; 'we have not seen any one: no one has entered the house.'

'We know how to make such obstinate old wretches speak,' exclaimed one of the ringleaders. He seized my mother, and pointing a loaded pistol at her breast, cried, 'The woman! We want the woman!'

At this moment Madeline, being exactly over the trap-door, heard a slight rustle underneath; and fearing that it would betray the stranger's hidingplace, endeavoured to drown the noise from below by stamping with her foot, while she boldly replied, 'I have no one to give up to you.'

'Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those

who dare to resist us!' roared one of the infuriated mob. Tearing off her veil, he seized Madeline by the hair, and pulled her to the ground.

' Speak ! ' he exclaimed, ' or I will drag you through the streets of Paris to the gibbet on the Place de la Grève.' My mother uttered not a word, but silently commanded herself to God. What might have been the issue Heaven only knows, had not the citizens in that quarter, on seeing their neighbour's house attacked, hastily armed themselves, and dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to reassure her almost fainting mother. After which, rejoining her father, she helped him to barricade the door, so as to be prepared for any new incursion, and then began to prepare the supper as usual.

While laying the cloth, the young girl debated whether she should tell her father of the refuge afforded to the stranger by the subterraneous passage; but after a fervent prayer to God, to enable her to act for the best, she decided that it would be more prudent not to expose him to any risk arising from the possession of such a secret. Arming herself, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, she performed her usual household duties; and when her father and mother had retired to rest, and all was quiet in the house, she took off her shoes, and stealing down stairs into the shop, cautiously opened the trap-door, and entered the vault with provisions for those who already were indebted to her for life and safety.

' You are a noble girl ! ' said the stranger to her. ' What do I not owe to your heroic devotedness and presence of mind ? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust He will permit me to recompense you here below.' Madeline gazed with intense interest on the stranger, as the light of the lamp in her hand, falling full upon her face, gave to view features whose dignified and majestic expression inspired at the very first glance a feeling of respect. A long black mantle almost wholly concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head. Her children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

' Thanks for the food you have brought,' said she to Madeline. ' Thanks, dear girl. As for me, I cannot eat; but my children have tasted nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave me your light; and now go: take some rest, for surely you must want it after the excitement you have undergone.' Madeline looked at her in surprise.

' I should have thought, madam,' said she, ' that you would make an effort to find some asylum, if not more secure, at least more comfortable than this.'

' Be not uneasy about me, my good girl. When my time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this place as it was to reveal to you the secret of its existence. Good-night, my child. Perhaps we may not meet again for some time; but remember I solemnly promise that I will grant any three wishes you may form ! ' She motioned to her to retire; and that indescribable air of majesty which accompanied every gesture of the unknown seemed as if it left Madeline no choice but to obey.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Madeline hardly slept that night. The events of the day had seized hold of her imagination, and she exhausted herself in continued and wondering conjecture. Who could this woman be, pursued by the populace, and accused of being a sorceress, and an enemy to the people ? How could she know of a place of concealment of which the inhabitants of the house were ignorant ? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault whenever she pleased, and, above all, the solemn and mysterious promise she had made to fulfil any three wishes of the young girl.

Had you, my dear children, been in your great-grandmother's place, should you not have been very much excited and very curious ? What think you ?

would you have slept a bit better than Madeline did ? I hardly think you would, if I may judge from those eager eyes.

The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Seated behind the counter, in her usual place, she started at the slightest sound. At one moment it seemed to her as if every one who entered the shop must discover the trap-door; at the next she expected to see it raised to give egress to the unknown, till, dizzy and bewildered, she scarcely knew whether to believe her whose life she had saved to be a malignant sorceress or a benevolent fairy. Then smiling at her own folly, she asked herself how a woman endowed with supernatural power could need her protection. It is unnecessary to say how long the time appeared to her till she could revisit the subterranean passage, and find herself once more in the presence of the stranger. Thus the morning, the afternoon, and the evening wore slowly away, and it seemed ages to her till her father, mother, and the shopmen were fairly asleep.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, she rose, using still more precaution than on the preceding night, opened the trap-door, descended the stone staircase, and entered the subterraneous passage, but found no one. She turned the light in every direction. The vault was empty: the stranger and her children had disappeared ! Madeline was almost as much alarmed as surprised; however, recovering herself, she carefully examined the walls of the vault. Not an opening, not a door, not the smallest aperture was to be seen. She stamped on the ground, but no hollow sound was heard. Suddenly she thought she perceived some written characters on the stone-flag. She bent down, and by the light of her lamp read the following words, evidently traced with some pointed instrument :—' Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes.'

Here Perrault stopped.

' Well, children,' said he, ' what do you think of this first part of my story, and of your great-grandmother's adventures ? What conjectures have you formed as to the mysterious lady ? '

' She is a good fairy,' said little Mary, ' for she can grant three wishes, like the fairy in *Finetta*. '

' No, she is a sorceress,' objected Louisa. ' Did not the people say so, and they would not have wanted to kill her unless she was wicked ? '

' As for me,' replied Joseph, the eldest of the family, ' I believe neither in witches nor fairies, for there are no such things. Am not I right, grandpapa ? '

Charles Perrault smiled, but contented himself with saying—' Now, be off to bed. It is getting late. Do not forget to pray to God to make you good children; and I promise, if you are very diligent to-morrow, to finish for you in the evening the wonderful adventures of your great-grandmother.

The children kissed their grandpapa, and went to bed to dream of Madeline and the fairy.

The next evening, the old man, taking his usual seat in the arm-chair, resumed his story without any preamble, though a preamble is generally considered as important by a story-teller as a preface is by the writer of a romance. He spoke as follows :

It would seem that my mother, in her obscure and peaceful life, had nothing to wish for, or that her wishes were all fulfilled as soon as formed; for she not only never invoked the fairy of the vault, but even gradually lost all remembrance of the promises made her by the unknown, and the whole adventure at last faded from her memory. It is true that thirteen years had passed away, and the young girl had become a wife and mother. She had long left the house where the occurrence I have related to you took place, and

had come to live in the Rue St Jacques, where we now reside, though I have since then rebuilt the former tenement.

My father, as you know, was a lawyer. Though of noble birth, he did not think it beneath him to marry the daughter of a shopkeeper, with but a small dowry. He found in Madeline's excellent qualities, her gentleness and beauty, irresistible attractions—and who that knew her could disapprove of his choice? Madeline possessed in an eminent degree that natural refinement of mind and manner which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in some. She devoted herself entirely to the happiness of her husband and her four sons, of whom I was the youngest. My father's income was quite sufficient for all the expenses of our happy family; for a truly happy family it was, till it pleased God to lay heavy trial upon us. My father fell ill, and for a whole year was obliged to give up the profits of his situation to provide a substitute; and he had scarcely begun, after his recovery, to endeavour to repair the losses he had suffered, when a fresh misfortune occurred.

One night, as my mother was lying quietly in bed, with her four little cubs around her, she was awakened by an unusual noise to behold the house wrapped in flames, which had already almost reached the room in which we were. At this moment my father appeared, and took my eldest brothers in his arms, while my mother had charge of Nicholas and me, who were the two youngest. Never shall I forget this awful moment. The flames crackled and hissed around us, casting a livid hue over the pale faces of my father and mother, who boldly advanced through the fire. With great difficulty they gained the staircase. My father dashed bravely forward. Nicholas, whom my mother held by the hand, screamed violently, and refused to go a step further. She caught him up in her arms, but during the short struggle the staircase had given way, and for a few moments my mother stood paralysed by despair. But soon the imminent danger roused all the energy of her heroic nature. Your grandmother was no common woman. She immediately retraced her steps, and firmly knotting the bedclothes together, fastened my brother and myself to them, and letting us down through the window, my father received us in his arms. Her children once saved, my mother thought but little of danger to herself, and she waited in calm self-possession, till a ladder being brought, she was rescued.

This trial was but a prelude to many others. The loss of our house completed the ruin of which my father's illness was the beginning. He was obliged to dispose of his situation, and take refuge in small lodgings at Chaillot, and there set to work steadily and cheerfully to support his family, opening a kind of pleader's office for legal students; but his health soon failed, and he became dangerously ill. My noble-minded mother struggled hard to ward off the want that now seemed inevitable; but what availed the efforts of one woman to support a sick husband and four children? One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. I shall never forget my mother's face, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks when one of us cried—'Mother, we are very hungry!'

She now resolved to apply for help to the nuns of Chaillot; a step which, to her independent spirit, was a far greater trial than to brave the threats of the mob or the fury of the flames. But what is there too hard for a mother who has heard her children ask for food which she had not to give them? With sinking heart, and cheek now pale, now crimson from the struggle within her, she presented herself at the convent, and timidly made known her desire to speak with the superior. Her well-known character procured her instant admission, and her tale once told, obtained for her much kindly sympathy and some relief. As she was passing through the cloisters on her way back, she

was startled by a voice suddenly demanding—'Art thou not Madeline Perrault?'

My mother started; the tones of that voice found an echo in her memory, and though thirteen years had elapsed since she had heard it, she recognised it to be that of the being whom her husband was wont to call her 'Fairy.' She turned round, and as the pale moonbeams that were now struggling through the long dim aisle fell upon the well-remembered stately form, in its black garb and flowing mantle, it seemed to Madeline's excited imagination to be indeed a being of some other world.

'I made thee a promise,' said the unknown—'didst thou doubt my power, that thou hast never invoked my aid?' My mother crossed herself devoutly, now convinced that she was dealing with a supernatural being. The phantom smiled at her awe-struck look, and resumed, 'Yet fear not; you have but to name three wishes, and my promise is still sure: they shall be granted.' 'My husband—oh, if he were but once more well!' 'I say not that to give life or healing is within my province to bestow. God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thine heart?'

'Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want!'

'This is but one wish, and I would grant two more.'

'I ask not, wish not for more.'

'Be it so, then, Madeline Perrault; hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders that shall reach you before twelve hours have passed over your head.' And she disappeared from Madeline's sight as suddenly as she had appeared to her.

My mother returned home in considerable agitation, and told my father all that had occurred. He tried to persuade her that the whole scene had been conjured up by her own excited imagination. But my mother persisted in repeating that nothing could be real if this was but fancy; and they passed a sleepless night in bewildering conjectures.

Early the next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman announced to my mother that it was sent to convey her and her family to a place appointed by one whose summons there was good reason they should obey. No questioning could extract from him any further information. You may well fancy how long my father and mother debated as to the prudence of obeying the mysterious summons. But curiosity at last prevailed; and to the unmixed delight of the children of the party, we all got into the carriage, which took the road to Paris, and drove on rapidly till we reached the Rue St Jacques, where it drew up before a new house; and as the servant opened the carriage door and let down the steps, my father perceived that it occupied the site of his house which had been burned down.

Our little party was met in the entrance by a deputation of the civic authorities, who welcomed my father to his house, and congratulated him on his being reinstated in the situation he had so long held with such credit to himself, and, as they were pleased to add, to themselves as members of the body to which he was such an honour.

My father stood as if in a dream, while my mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed to her; and hastily breaking the seal, she read—'Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified!'

'Only that I may be allowed to see my benefactress, to pour out at her feet my heart's gratitude.'

And at the instant the door opened, and the unknown appeared. Madeline, with clasped hands, darted suddenly forward; then as suddenly checking herself, uttered some incoherent words, broken by sobs.

'Madeline,' said the lady, 'I have paid but a small part of the debt I owe you. But for you a ferocious

mob would have murdered me and my children. To you I owe lives dearer to me than my own. Do not deem me ungrateful in so long appearing to have forgotten you. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me also with heavy trials. Like you, I have seen my children in want of food which I had not to give, and without a spark of fire to warm their chilled limbs. But more, my husband was traitorously put to death, and I have been myself proscribed. When you rescued me, they were hunting me like a wild beast, because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his fathers, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes Madeline Perrault!

'But how can poor Madeline ever pay the debt she owes?' exclaimed my mother.

'By sometimes coming to visit me in my retreat at Chaillot; for what has a queen without a kingdom, a widow weeping for her murdered husband, a mother for ever separated from her children—what has she any more to do with the world whose nothingness she has so sadly experienced? To know that amid my desolation I have made one being happy, will be soothing to me, and your children's innocent merriment perchance may beguile some lonely hours. Henceforth, Madeline, our intercourse will not bear the romantic character that has hitherto marked it, and which chance, in the first instance, and afterwards a whim of mine, has made it assume. By accident I was led to take refuge in your house in the Rue des Bourdonnais, and instantly recollected it as the former abode of Ruggieri, my mother's astrologer. His laboratory was the vault which doubtless you have not forgotten, and the entrance to which was as well known to me as the subterraneous passage by which I left it, and which led to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the superior, and was about to inquire directly of yourself, when, seeing the effect of my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy once more. The instant you left me I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possessed, and money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of making once again your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy, I have still some influence, and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protectress.'

And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family, and it is to her I owe the favour and patronage of the minister Colbert.

'And now, children,' said Perrault, 'how do you like my last fairy tale?'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MOTHS.

The numbers and importance in the scale of created beings of these usually so much despised insects, are not by any means so generally known, except to the 'scientific few,' as their beauty, variety, and interesting habits and economy deserve. The idea of a moth suggests to many nothing but a destructive little insect that eats clothes, and which they are too glad to be quit of if they can. It is also very generally employed as an image of insignificance and contempt; so that the poor moths are, by the majority of mankind, sadly contemned and overlooked. There are, nevertheless, among them some of the most beautiful objects of the creation; and the most ordinary are not without a sober, quiet beauty, which accords well with their destined period of flight—the quiet hours of twilight. Indeed it might almost seem a subject of wonder that

the Creator has bestowed on creatures intended only to come forth when they cannot be seen, such minuteness of pencilling and delicacy of tint. But beauty is scattered here with the same lavish hand as in other departments of nature. And certainly if the Author of nature has thought fit to create and adorn them, it must ever be one of the highest privileges enjoyed by his intelligent creatures to bring them to light, investigate, and admire them. Accordingly, it is found by those who commence it, to be a study of so fascinating a nature, that few who do so ever entirely relinquish it, but continue through life to draw fresh supplies of instruction and delight from its inexhaustible resources. To return for a moment to the subject of colour.

There are certain tribes of moths which fly by day, and in the sunshine, as well as by night; and these, according to the general rule observed in other departments of nature, are usually adorned with brighter colours and stronger contrasts, though it has been found that light has nothing to do with the production of colour, as in the vegetable kingdom, for insects naturally of bright hues, are all the more intensely so when bred in the dark; and as there is no rule without exception, some very dull-coloured species are day-fliers, while others of bright tints fly only by night.

The insects of this order, it is pretty generally known, are produced from eggs deposited by the perfect insect on or near the plants which are the appropriate food of the larvae or caterpillars—a remarkable instance of what has been termed instinct, as the moths do not feed on these plants themselves, the small quantity of food which they require in the perfect state being derived from the nectar of flowers and other saccharine substances, of which some even do not partake, being destitute of oral apparatus. These eggs are greatly diversified in form and appearance, many of them forming beautiful objects under the microscope: those of the *Sphinges*, or hawk-moths, are generally smooth and globular; those of the *Bombyces*, to which tribe the silk-worm belongs, and which are *par excellence* the cocoon-making moths, are usually circular, but flattened; those of the great division of the *Noctuae*, or true night-moths, are spherical, and beautifully ribbed, like little sea-urchins; those of the *Geometre*, or thin-bodied moths, are of various forms, generally more or less oval and depressed; those of the *Tortrices*, or leaf-rollers, flat and scale-like. These eggs sometimes hatch in a few weeks, sometimes require months, and sometimes half the year, according to the species. The first meal of the larva is generally furnished by the deserted egg-shells, and they then consume the plants upon which they are placed in various ways, according to the tribe or species to which they belong; and here, again, the greatest diversity of habit is to be found. Almost all the large moths—*sphinges*, *bombyces*, *noctuae*, and *geometre*—consume the leaves in a wholesale manner, shearing them down with their horny mandibles; feeding chiefly by night, to avoid the birds, and concealing themselves during the day in the ground, behind the leaves of plants, or on the bark; the appearance of many being admirably adapted to the latter mode of concealment.

The larvae of the *Tortrices*, as their name implies, generally roll or curl up the leaves of the plants on which they feed, making nocturnal excursions from their tubular dwellings to consume the leaves around. But this is not by any means a universal habit, many

of them feeding on fruits and seeds, which they bore into and destroy; as, for instance, the codling moth (*Carpocapsa pomonana*), which commits such devastation in the apple-orchards of England; and the pea-moth (*Endopis pisana*), the larva of which is so often found in peas during the summer. Others live in the stems of plants on the pith, and others beneath the bark of trees.

It is among the *Tineæ*, however, that the most singular and diversified economy is to be found. This is the family which contains the so-much-deprecated clothes-moth—a species far from being the least worthy of our notice, as we shall immediately see. Many of these little insects—which comprise in their ranks the smallest as well as some of the most beautiful of the order—reside during the larva state in moveable cases of their own construction, which they carry about with them, and in which they pass securely the final or inactive *pupa* state previous to the disclosure of the perfect insect. These cases are generally composed of portions of leaves, &c.; but in the instance of the different species of clothes-moths, they are constructed of silk interwoven with portions of the wool, fur, or feathers which they have been feeding on. Now, as the case which the little larva makes when newly disclosed from the egg will not long contain it, despite the elastic nature of the *materiel*, it must either alter it, or make a new one as it grows. The former expedient being preferred, the little animal slits it open on each side, and inserts a strip of new material. It is then easily lengthened by additions at the ends; and in this way the cases of the full-grown larvae are seen to be composed of a series of concentric oval rings, having the original small case for a centre above and below.

Many of the *Tineæ* share with the Tortrices the habit of rolling leaves; others reside in fixed silken tubes; while a considerable number mine in the substance of leaves, feeding on the parenchyma. Among the latter are some of the most exquisite of insect gems—the purest metallic tints of silver and gold being disposed in spots and bands on glossy black, brown, orange, or pale grounds. The brilliant metallic lustre of these resplendent spots and bars is produced by the exquisite polish of each separate scale of which they are composed, contrasted with those covering the rest of the wing; and the same thing occurs occasionally throughout all the other families. Many of the *Tineæ* likewise feed on seeds; others on fungi, lichens, &c.; and others, again, on dead wood, and beneath bark. One species (*Gelechia malvella*) makes a gallery right through the seeds of the hollyhock while they are still attached to the receptacle. Another (*Tinea granella*) hollows out grains of wheat, &c. leaving nothing but the shell; committing sometimes great devastation in granaries, and finally boring into the woodwork, unabashed by even the hardest knots of resin, and wood which has been *kyanized*. A third (*Tinea cloacella*) forms long galleries in the solid fungi which grow on old trees. Others, of the curious tribe which the Germans very aptly name *Sackträgers* (*Taleporia*), feed upon lichens, and stick over the outside of their silken cases grains of sand, and little chips of the lichen they are feeding on, to strengthen and disguise themselves.

The leaf-cases are constructed in the most ingenious manner by the larvae of a delicate, narrow-winged genus of moths (*Coleophora*), which feed on the parenchyma, like the miners; but as they do not mine in the strict sense of the word, they first remove the epidermis, of which they form their cases. When the little inhabitants of these cases are full grown, they fasten themselves firmly to the leaf, by an attachment of silk round the mouth, and then turn quite round inside—no easy process one would imagine—so that the moth invariably makes its exit by the opposite end.

Some of the *Tineæ* spin beautiful silken cocoons for

the protection of the pupæ. One species (*Plutella dentella*), which feeds upon honeysuckle, constructs one of snowy whiteness, somewhat in the shape of a hammock. Another (*Plutella porrectella*), which feeds on the buds of the white rocket, makes a very similar cocoon, but of beautiful open network. It is among the Bombyces, however, that we must look for the most regularly-formed cocoons, of which the common or Chinese silk-worm (*Bombyx mori*) affords one of the most perfect examples. For ingenuity of design, however, though not perhaps in external beauty, it must yield to the flask-shaped cocoon of the emperor moth (*Saturnia carpini*), which is open at one end, but protected within by a number of stiff, converging points, which effectually prevent ingress, but yield to the slightest pressure from within. Very different from these is the hard, gummy cocoon of the puss moth (*Cerura vinula*), which will scarcely yield to the edge of a knife, and is not softened by all the storms of winter, but from which the moth, nevertheless, makes its way with the greatest ease, probably by the aid of some solvent fluid. A still more aberrant kind of cocoon is made by many of the Noctuæ, most of which enter the ground to complete their transformations. It consists of earth, smoothed inside into an oval cell, and sometimes lined with silk. Here we might imagine there was still greater difficulty in the perfect insect making its escape, as the larvae sometimes go many inches into the soil, which often hardens above them. In many instances, however, the pupæ are furnished with points and hooks, directed backwards, upon the segments of the body, which prevent a retrograde motion, as by its exertions it gradually bores its way to the surface, which is reached in many instances before the moth is disclosed. Often, however, the moths themselves have to make their way through very rough substances, where it is surprising their soft, undeveloped wings are not materially injured. But it is their very softness at this stage apparently that preserves them, and it is but seldom that any defect is afterwards perceptible on the beautifully-developed insect. This most interesting process of development, after the pupa-case is thrown off, is one well worthy of our notice, and we shall therefore consider it rather in detail.

After lying in its cocoon, or in the ground, its appointed period, which varies from a few days to as many years, at length the critical moment arrives, when, if the pupa has been in too dry a situation, or exposed to the sun's rays, which harden the outer covering, it will not be able to burst its prison-house, and must perish ere long within the pupa-case. If, however, all has gone on well, the sutures of the plates which cover the head and thorax part by the exertions of the enclosed insect, which now comes forth covered with moisture, and immediately seeks some perpendicular object, as a tree, wall, or stem of a plant, which it ascends a little way, and then becomes stationary. The wings are now very short, but generally quite even, and without folds, exhibiting on a small scale all the future markings. If disturbed at this juncture, the insect becomes restless, and the process of expansion is retarded; and should it fall, as sometimes happens, and struggle among the herbage below, it is frequently stopped altogether, and the insect becomes a cripple for life. If none of these casualties occur, however, after a short time—which varies according to the temperature of the air and the strength of the insect—the wings begin to lengthen, assuming an undulated appearance, which gradually disappears as the fluids swell the nervures to their full extent, and the wings appear even, but slightly concave on their upper surface. To remedy this, they are now closed above the back, meeting at the tips, after which they are again brought down on each side of the body; the insect assumes its natural position when at rest, and in a short time is ready for flight.

One of the most interesting subjects connected with these insects is the amazing variety in the larva, both in form and colour, so that nearly every species, when known, may be recognised in this state as readily as when perfect. The principal families and genera, indeed, are characterised quite as much by the larva as by the perfect insect. Among the Sphinges, the larva are frequently adorned with bright colours, disposed very generally in oblique stripes on the sides. They are furnished with a projection or horn on the hinder portion of the body, and many of them possess a habit of elevating the head and thoracic segments when at rest, which probably induced Linnaeus to give them the fanciful name of Sphinx. Among the Bombyces the larva are frequently clothed with hair; sometimes evenly, as in the tiger, ermine, and fox moths (*Arctia, Spilosoma, Lassiocampa*); and sometimes disposed in singular tufts and pencils, as in the vapourer and tussock moths (*Orygia, Dasychira, &c.*) Here also are some of the most singular forms anywhere to be met with. One (*Stauropus fagi*) is remarkably like a lobster; another genus (*Notodonta*) has larva which emulate the crooked branches of an old oak; a third (*Cerura*) has larva of the brightest colours, which carry both head and tail in the air, from the latter of which arise two singular diverging appendages. The larva of the Noctue are for the most part smooth and cylindrical, and of dull colours, principally shades of brown, green and gray; but some are ornamented with very bright tints, and clothed with hairs and protuberances, like the Bombyces, to which family some systematists have considered that they more appropriately belong. Their true position, however, would seem that of the link between the two.

The Geometrae are at once distinguished by the singular character of their larva, which are much elongated, with feet only at the two extremities of the body, so that when they move, it is by alternately extending the body, and forming it into a loop, exactly resembling the Greek letter α . From this curious mode of progression they received their original designation of *Geometers*, or measurers. Here the prevailing tints are brown and green. Most of them are smooth, but a few are rough and tuberculated, which, added to their ordinary position when at rest—grasping a twig firmly with their hind-feet, with the rest of their body stiffly elevated at an angle of 45 degrees—greatly favours their concealment; and although the theory of adaptation to concealment has been laughed at on the ground that some larva are of very bright and conspicuous colours, yet it cannot on that account hold less true, supported as it is by indubitable facts. Throughout the whole of this family it is especially evident. Green larva in the position described above resemble leaf-stalks; brown ones, short dead twigs. Others are coloured suitably to their food and habits. One which abounds on moors (*Eupithecia augustata*) is of a delicate pink, like the blossom of the heath on which it feeds. Another species of *Eupithecia*, which feeds on the flowers of ragwort, is of a golden yellow. Another, found on the juniper, is exactly the peculiar bluish green of the leaves of that plant. But it is needless multiplying instances, which occur constantly to every observer of these insects. Again, it is worthy of remark that throughout all the different families, larva which feed on roots beneath the surface of the ground, or in the interior of stems, &c. where colour would be of little apparent use in any way, are generally nearly without it; those cases where it does occur, as in the larva of the goat moth (*Cossus ligniperda*), being again the exception, and not the rule.

In the Tortrices and Tineae, the larva generally taper more or less towards the extremities; some of them being quite fusiform, or spindle-shaped. Most of them are remarkably active in their movements, especially the leaf-rollers, which wriggle backwards out of their

cases on the slightest alarm, dropping by a thread of silk until the danger is over.

Having now taken a cursory and imperfect glance at these interesting insects in their preparatory states, our space not allowing us to do half justice to the subject—many parts of which have necessarily been passed over in silence—we may, in a future paper, turn our attention more fully to the perfect insects themselves, and examine some of the families more in detail.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Sir, there is nothing like the fine, full flow of London talk.—

DR JOHNSON.

LARGE cities have great faults. Of this there can be no question. First, the atmosphere is thick, heavy, and dank, denying the lungs in great measure the aliment necessary for carrying on the functions of life—sapping the very foundations of health—to say nothing of spoiling the complexion, a matter of some little importance to all, and to ladies on the shady side of thirty in particular.

Then the noise and turmoil of a great city, from the thunder of artillery on a day of rejoicing, to the ceaseless and nameless hum that would seem to fill the very realms of space!

Then the ever-moving panorama of daily life, the multiplicity of objects for ever crossing and re-crossing before the eye, threatening to obliterate its vision before the lapse of years shall have worked their inevitable destiny!

Then the dust of the summer, and the dirt of the winter, and the suffocating smoke of all seasons!

Verily, large cities have great faults; the fact cannot be evaded even by their most ardent votaries. Horace Walpole admitted it; Johnson did not attempt to dispute it; why, then, should I seek to deny what I feel to be undeniable? Happily, however, there can be no shadow without sunshine, so that a great city is not without its one priceless advantage—its cloak of charity that covers its multitude of sins.

The citizen within its walls, the stranger within its gates, the wayfarer within its streets, may each venture, in an honest way, to think his own thoughts, speak his own words, and rejoice in the unspeakable comfort of having an opinion and a will of his own. He may proclaim it from the pinnacle of St Giles's, the Column in Sackville Street, or the dome of St Pauls, if he choose to do so, and no one shall challenge his right to this glorious privilege. Yes, this luxury that would seem the birthright of Britons, is the peculiar grace accorded to its denizens by a metropolis alone. Talk of trial by jury and the *Habeas Corpus*! They do not deserve to be mentioned in the same category with it.

Such is now my settled conviction, yet how lightly did I appreciate it a single month ago!

“La vie ne se revele à nous mêmes qu'avec le choc des occasions,” says the French philosopher; and truly enough, since, but for the accidental circumstances I am about to detail, the full worth of one of the most valuable of the social comforts of life might never have been revealed to me.

In the beginning of September in the past year of grace, I made up my mind to turn my back upon London, where I have resided all my life, not for Paris or Venice, as everybody else had been doing, but for a secluded village in a county that shall be nameless, nearly equidistant from London and the metropolis of the sister kingdom. Yes, I resolved to rusticate in real earnest—to snap at once a chain of annoyances great and small, which seemed to have accumulated upon me ‘in Ballalious,’ and seek in the serenity of the country that peace which seemed scared away from me in town.

My usually tranquil life had been invaded by a complication of losses and vexations, and I was on the verge

of a nervous fever. My income, never very large, had been diminished nearly a third by the depreciation in the value of railway property; my landlord, after beguiling me into renewing my lease for another seven years by a promise of doing to my house everything that the heart could desire, had finished by an eloquent silence on the subject, which indicated very clearly his determination to do nothing at all; my new neighbour, Mr Marjory the solicitor, whose lady's elaborate civilities I had some difficulty in evading, had been heard to hint something about an action for trespass after having caught my nephew, a Westminster lad of fifteen, scaling the party-wall between our house in search of a vagrant ball. My old neighbour on the left had begun painting his house on the day of my dinner-party; but this was mere accident. My beautiful King Charles spaniel, with the shortest of noses and the longest of ears, had mysteriously disappeared, simultaneous with the arrival of the plumbers and glaziers; and the old friend to whom I lamented my loss, and the three guineas I had expended in advertising my misfortune, had referred me to the Life of Sir Astley Cooper for information as to the part he had taken in the final destiny of many a drawing-room favourite, by way of solution of the possible ultimate fate of mine; and finally, to complete my annoyances, when stung into an unusual fit of asperity and energy by all these *contrecamps*, I had ventured to remind my middle-aged cook that it was unbecoming a woman of forty to encourage the attentions of a footboy of eighteen, I was struck dumb by being requested to 'purvive myself' that day month, as she had been married to poor William 'a fortnight come Monday'; and after having served me faithfully for twelve years, did not deserve, she thought, to have her feelings rent by such remarks.

For these vexations there seemed but one remedy. I wrote to the friend who lived farthest from the scene of my worries, and accepted on the instant the invitation that annually arrived with the basket of game, but which had hitherto been put off with the platitude 'of the pleasure to come,' or postponed to that indefinite period, 'a more convenient season,' placed my house at the disposal of the newly-married couple for the remainder of the honeymoon; gave my parlour-maid leave to visit her friends and take her board-wages with her; secured the right-hand corner of the *coupé*, and bade adieu to every disagreeable, save the whirl of forty miles an hour, and the smell of the locomotive engine.

How calm and beautiful is nature even in the close vicinity of a great city! How invigorating the gush of fresh air that seems to welcome you as you emerge from the wilderness of brick and mortar—how broad and expansive the sweet undulations of upland and lowland—how refreshing to the eye the smooth green pastures—how holy seems the brooding silence of the country—how calm its solitude, only varied here and there by some secluded dwelling! Now and then may be descried some sign of mortal life in the progress of agriculture, but so few and infrequent, that it would seem as though the primeval curse had been withdrawn, and the teeming earth brought forth her rich produce irrespective of the labours of man.

Instinctively I felt about for my copy of Cowper, that sweetest painter of pastoral life. Could I have forgotten it? No; there it was, and it opened at the passage—

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel.'

The *Sortes Couperiæ* had not been propitious. I closed the volume, contented to enjoy the present, and resolving not to be too solicitous for the future; and in this happy frame of mind I journeyed on, every milestone passed convincing me of the wisdom of my

decision, though it had been a hasty one. My crumpled nerves had already been smoothed into calmness; my mind had sympathised with my body. From the tremulous it had subsided into the peaceful, from the peaceful it had grown into the poetical, and from the poetical it had risen into the sublime; and I was in the midst of Milton's 'Morning Hymn' when the train stopped at the little station which announced the termination of my journey.

I at once despatched the family livery on the platform. In a few minutes my wardrobe properties had been disinterred from the van, and full of pleasurable hopes and anticipations, I was in the pony-chaise trotting along cool green lanes, and within a quarter of an hour both my hands were clasped in those of my hypocondriacal male cousin at the garden gate, whilst a long silent kiss from his sister-in-law was as eloquent of welcome as the 'At last you are come!' of her low sweet voice.

My dear cousin herself installed me in my pleasant chamber; wheeled the low arm-chair to the bright crackling fire; drew out a hassock for my feet, placed a cushion for my head; and whilst the 'neat-handed Phyllis' was busied with the bandboxes, herself dispensed the fragrant coffee that was to solace me after the fatigues of my journey. How delightful was all this! Was it not worth coming a hundred miles to enjoy?

For a time we could do nothing but gaze at each other, and, with the freemasonry of affection, read the thoughts that were common to both of us. Since we had parted, nearly twenty years had elapsed. I was then a blooming miss in my teens, assiduously cultivating the airs and graces proper to the age, whilst she was the very type of finished womanhood. Calm as a seraph, bright as an angel, I had thought her when we met after her marriage tour. Alas! ere the anniversary of that day had come round, she was a widow in the house she had so briefly graced as a bride! and in compliance with wishes rather implied than expressed by her late husband, had thus continued ever since, meekly fulfilling to an exacting brother-in-law the duties of a wife, without either its dignity or its solace to sustain her.

How long our fit of social silence might have lasted I know not. I was aroused from mine by a stroke on an Indian gong. 'It is only the dressing signal,' said Lucilla, in reply to my look of inquiry. 'Dinner will be served in an hour; but I hope you will not trouble yourself to dress much, for I am sure my brother will excuse you after so long a journey. If, however, you will pardon me,' she added, 'I will go down to Charles now, as I can easily dress when you are in the drawing-room.'

Now, as I never had the slightest intention of changing my handsome black *moiré* dress on the evening in question for any other, I felt a little surprised that my cousin's permission to do as I chose in so simple a matter should seem to be necessary. However, I made no remark, but at leisure donned my demi-toilette cap, exchanged my rumpled muslin sleeves for a pair of lace ones to match it, drew on my gloves, shook out my handkerchief, descended the first flight of stairs, returned for my netting-case, and found my bachelor cousin installed in the most comfortable *bergère* in the drawing-room. I congratulated him on his good looks—a compliment from which he plaintively dissented, returning it, however, with much *empressement* of manner, and with, I doubt not, equal sincerity.

As the clock struck six, dinner was announced. My cousin, with the grace of Sir Charles Grandison, took my hand, drew my arm within his, placed me on his right side, and again bade me welcome to hearth and board.

Having so lately taken coffee, I was about to decline the soup, when I *felt* rather than saw the shadow of a shade crossing the bland countenance of my host. The suspended plate was therefore accepted; the servant

who was handing it seemed rather relieved, and I felt somehow as if I had been on the verge of committing myself.

The remainder of the dinner was pleasant and chatty, though, by the way, the subjects discussed were purely of a public nature—the Queen and the royal children, Prince Albert and the Exhibition of 1851; and as we were all agreed in our loyalty, we had little to do beyond echoing each other's sentiments. We sat, I thought, rather long over the dessert; at length Lucilla gave the signal for our departure. Her brother rose and opened the door, bowed gravely as we passed, held it open till we crossed the hall, and then closing it very softly, returned to his port-wine and siesta.

I know not how it was, but though a bright fire burned in the grate, a sense of chilliness came over me when we entered the drawing-room; and as the evening was delightful, I proposed a walk in the grounds. Lucilla agreed that the sunset had been most brilliant, but continued with her arm in mine pacing up and down the room. At length I drew her through the conservatory to the very steps. She, however, gently prevented my egress, observing that perhaps dear Charles would prefer showing me the grounds to-morrow, if I did not much mind waiting till then. I remembered that Louis le Grand had drawn up with his own princely fingers the programme of the arrangements for visiting the gardens of Versailles, and is even suspected of having coveted, to his dying day, the office of cicerone to the fountains and terraces. I concluded, therefore, that my good cousin shared the royal predilection in this respect, and was quite satisfied to restrain my curiosity for his gratification until the next morning.

We resumed our chat and promenade together. How many trifling events lived in our remembrance, as one circumstance recalled another, which else might have slept in oblivion for ever! We spoke of the strong tie of affection that had bound us together, notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, and endeavoured between us to trace its origin.

I reminded her of many trifling kindnesses on her part which she had long forgotten, but which had had no small influence in the love I bore her; and was in the midst of a reminiscence of a rather early date, of which my childish awkwardness and her Christian charity formed the principal features, when I fancied I felt a slight pressure of the arm, and at the same time a jingle of spoons announced that tea was served. Had the sound startled Lucilla, or was the pressure a mute warning to be silent? The conversation had nothing in it either very treasonable or very confidential, and I concluded, therefore, that in the latter surmise I must have been mistaken. My cousin now made his appearance, roused up the sleeping fire into a bright blaze, and I could not help thinking that its ruddy light reflected as contented a trio as any in the county.

As the evening advanced, Charles challenged me to a game of chess. I accepted the proposal, as in duty bound, though I had much rather have 'fallen to talk.' I, however, made the best fight I could; watched his tactics, and acted on the defensive, till, at the end of two hours, the board was cleared, and myself soundly beaten. 'Dear Charles' was in charming spirits, though too well bred to manifest much triumph at my discomfiture. He praised my play—I rather wondered at it—and promised me my revenge on another occasion. The wine and water was then brought in, and I retired to my room, where everything seemed redolent of dried rose leaves, lavender, and peaceful security.

The song of birds, the bright light, and the unwonted sound of the mower whetting his scythe, awoke me at an early hour. I turned to sleep again, but in vain; the entire change of scene and associations rendered further sleep impossible, and I therefore arose and

regaled my senses by gazing on the bright landscape beneath me. Should I surprise Lucilla at the breakfast-table with a bouquet of my own gathering, as an evidence of my improved habits of early rising? Yes!—the temptation seemed irresistible! I threw on my shawl—for there was a freshness in the morning air to which I had not had time to become inured—and descended the staircase, where I encountered the housemaid at her duties. She looked at me with undisguised amazement, inquired if I was unwell, or had mistaken the hour, as it was only eight o'clock, and the family never assembled in the breakfast-room till half-past nine. I was about quieting her fears on the score of my health by passing through the open door into the garden, when a *something* in her astonished face reminded me of Lucilla's words, 'Perhaps dear Charles would prefer showing you the grounds himself.' I stood self-convicted; I had not even the presence of mind to get up a little shiver, and to profess to find the morning air too cold for a walk. I quietly retreated to my room, and unpacking my few books, read myself into patience until breakfast.

After a sufficient time for the comfortable digestion of that most comfortable of meals, my cousin proposed himself the pleasure of showing me the grounds. I congratulated myself upon the self-denial I had practised; bonnet and shawl were again, more successfully, in requisition, and taking his arm, I proceeded to make myself acquainted with the various beauties with which I was surrounded in a properly-accredited manner.

My host conducted me successively to the best points of view which the domain afforded, making me remark how a walk of upwards of a mile could be secured by following a winding path in the limited extent of a few acres. He led me to the sunken fence, which afforded an unobstructed sight of the park-like meadows beyond, while it effectually excluded trespassers, without offending the eye by any visible boundary. He called my attention to rare shrubs planted by the hands of distant friends—loving memorials of their regard—and exhibited flourishing exotics raised from minute slips by a process peculiar to himself.

I cordially felicitated my cousin on all his arrangements, for, in truth, they appeared to me singularly happy. The grounds were the perfection of good gardening; the rock-work was decidedly the best I had ever seen; and the rustic chairs and sun-dial might have been fashioned by Arcadian peasants of superior taste. He admitted, in a half-deprecating, half-gratified tone, that in his 'wretched state of health' his garden was a resource; observed, with a warmth decidedly complimentary, upon the real enjoyment of sharing one's objects of interest with a friend possessed of 'the virtue of appreciation,' and in the ardour of the moment intreated that I would afford him the advantage of my admirable taste, by suggesting some alteration for the improvement of his grounds, and thus link my name with those of the other friends who had aided to make them what they were.

Where everything seemed, of its class, to approach so nearly to perfection, it appeared a work of supererogation to suggest any change. At length, when duly pressed, I remembered having once seen the broad-leaved ground-ivy planted, star-like, round the foot of a spreading beech, and that its glossy leaves, meandering on the green sward, looked like the spreading roots of the tree. I therefore suggested whether such an appendage to his own drooping Swiss lime might not perhaps enhance its beauty, even more than the closely-cropped turf by which it was surrounded.

My cousin listened attentively, seemed, I thought, struck with the idea, thanked me 'very much' for the suggestion, said he would think the matter over, and then proposed our return to the house, as he had, he

feared, little more to show me worthy my attention. Alas! his cordiality of manner had subsided into his habitual bland politeness. I felt that my usual tact, on which I specially pride myself, had here failed me, and reproached myself for the unnecessary cindour which had caused me to forget that a request for advice was too generally merely a claim to approbation.

We walked together to the vestibule, and I was on the point of returning to enjoy another stroll by myself, when Lucilla, putting some letters into my hand which had arrived in my absence, suggested whether I should not fatigue myself by walking any longer, and that, as many of our friends were aware of my expected arrival, we should doubtless have visitors, and perhaps, therefore, I would seat myself in the drawing-room with as little delay as might be agreeable.

As it was a matter of entire indifference to me where I wrote my two unimportant notes, I offered no objection to this arrangement; and having reformed my toilet, which my morning stroll had somewhat disarranged, I took my blotting-book and embroidery, and seating myself at a writing-table in an embrasure of one of the windows, commenced my morning's occupation. A sound of wheels, however, soon interrupted my employment. I exchanged my seat at the window for one next the sofa, leaving the post of honour vacant for the arrivals. Lucilla also arose, and in passing the table where I had been writing, gave herself the needless trouble, as it seemed to me, of closing my portfolio, and re-arranging the writing materials which I had been using. She received her guests with a grace peculiarly her own, presented me to them as one long known to them by good report, and we were soon gaily discussing the news of the day. It did not seem the *usage du maison* to work, so I laid aside the embroidery I had taken up on quitting my writing, and devoted myself exclusively to the conversation around me, which was carried on with much spirit and intelligence. Other arrivals succeeded the first party, and a long morning was thus cheerfully whiled away.

Once or twice I fancied my cousin looked at me with an air of some disquietude, for which I was wholly unable to account. I was conscious of being in a most amiable mood, and not in my worst looks; my *cachemire brodée* I knew to be the mode, and my simple morning cap irreproachable; still I felt the look had some reference to myself, though on what account, I found it impossible to divine.

At length all the guests had departed. I congratulated my cousin on the pleasant circle she had drawn around her. She felt, she said, that they were fortunate in this respect, though the health of her brother precluded her from seeing as much of their neighbours as she could wish; and after a pause of a few minutes, during which I resumed my work, she inquired, with a little hesitation of manner, whether I never wore mittens.

I confess I did not exactly see the bearing of the question, but I answered that I did so sometimes, offering her, if she were in want of any, a selection from an assortment of every description, from the Irish gossamer to the veritable Maltese. I was about to add, however, that mittens were decidedly *passé* in London, when she interrupted me by smilingly thanking me for my offer, and observing that she would only trespass upon my kindness to ask me to wear them myself. I probably still looked rather puzzled, for she explained that she fancied some of our visitors had noticed their absence, and as every one wore them there, she feared they might think me rather odd. I was about to say what I thought, that if they did, I would endeavour to survive it; but Lucilla looked so meek, and fearful of having offended, that I could but kiss her, and promise to give no ground for any imputation on that score for the future.

Day succeeded day of tranquil uniformity, unmarked

by even the variety of 'the migration from the blue bed to the brown.' I thought of Rasselas in the Happy Valley, and reasoned as he did. I sometimes longed for a ramble instead of a promenade, and discovered myself that the path of daily life may be even too smoothly macadamised. My mind is by no means antagonistic; but I felt it would be a relief now and then to say, 'I differ,' instead of, 'Do you think so?'—the nearest approach to dissent that the nerves of my cousin seemed capable of sustaining.

At length the circle of visits having been received, it became necessary to acknowledge them. The return calls went off on the whole, very satisfactorily, notwithstanding one or two shortcomings on my part. On one occasion, when closely pressed, I was unable to deny (for I knew both) that I thought worse men were to be found upon earth than even Dr Pusey, and few better than Baptist Noel, though he had gone out from among us. I confessed that I had listened to the reasoning of Dr Chalmers on church establishments, and of Dr Wardlaw on the voluntary system, and thought with Uncle Toby 'that much might be said on both sides.' I acknowledged also that I read the two great rival reviews, and was not prepared to pin my faith exclusively on either. Alas! all this was inexplicable to my inquisitor, who recognised no divided allegiance, and whose motto seemed to be in the words of ancient Pistol—

'Under which king, Bezonian!—speak, or die!'

As a matter of feeling, as well as of taste, I never undervalue the productions of any one, yet when called upon, on another occasion, to express an opinion on a Saracen in Berlin wool, I found I fell far short of what was expected of me, though I awarded to it the meed of praise it richly deserved, as 'a matchless piece of needlework.' Alas! I could not say that I should ever have mistaken it for a painting by Landseer, as the fair artist assured me everybody else had done.

As the period drew near for my departure, I felt an increasing conviction that I was not adapted for 'life in a village.' I was sensible of a constant fear of offending some prejudice, or running counter to some prepossession. My preference of books to Berlin work was decided. I could not make a magazine last more than three days, or a memoir extend beyond a week. I was accustomed to be understood when I spoke in metaphor, and to be allowed the privilege of laughing at, and being laughed at by, those I loved, without being supposed to derogate from their dignity or my own. The general impression, that 'you may do as you like in the country,' appeared to me to be utterly fallacious: 'the crust of bread and liberty' of Prior's country mouse was certainly a delusion. Everybody seemed to live under a species of domestic espionage, and to labour under a constant fear of provoking the 'wonder' of his neighbour, to evade which appeared almost the business of life. The chains might be invisible, and light as gossamer, but chains they were notwithstanding.

Over all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said, as plain as words upon the ear,
The place is haunted.

I am almost afraid that Lucilla suspected my weariness, for she redoubled her exertions to entertain me. Alas! could she have diminished them one half, she would, I doubt not, have attained her object, for there is a neglect that is flattering, and a seeming inattention that is the perfection of welcome; for to be constantly reminded that you are a visitor, is not the best way to make you feel perfectly at home.

My cousins lamented my approaching departure, and urged me to extend my stay with them a little longer. I therefore delayed my journey a few days, to prove

that I was not tired of the country. They spoke of the blank my absence would occasion in their quiet household; and when Lucilla, with tears in her eyes, bade me farewell and God-speed, I felt a sense of almost self-reproach as I thought of the monotonous winter that awaited her, and longed to carry her away with me.

Oh how welcome was the distant view of the great 'wilderness of brick and mortar!' How tolerant had I grown of all its imperfections! How pretty seemed the roadside villas, as we approached its vicinity! How smart and trim the young nurse-maids; how bright and intelligent the well-dressed children; and what an air of pleasant bustle and activity the busy streets presented! My spirits rose with the sight of the vitality around me: I would have done anything for anybody. In my fervour of rejoicing, I determined to grace my return, after the manner of the kings of old, by a general amnesty. I would no longer respond to Mrs Marjory's civilities by the 'mutilated curtsey,' and would even endeavour to tolerate (provided I had not to do so too often) the stealthy step and lynx-eye of her respectable husband. I would make one more gracious appeal to the conscience of my landlord before finally giving him up as the most faithless of men; the memory of my lost favourite should weigh on my spirits no more, and the cook and footboy rejoice in a free pardon!

How pleasant were the first days of my newly-acquired liberty of action!—the recovery, as it were, of faculties that had seemed useless, if not actually burdensome. I could now question the soundness of a proposition without offending the propounder, or laugh at his favourite theory without having my good faith doubted for so doing. I could now and then lounge in my chair, or even put my feet upon the fender, without being supposed to have irrevocably compromised my dignity. I could acknowledge a belief that an English household might not be the worse for a French *cuisine*, and not lose my character for patriotism; and confess to a friend my preference for simple blue over yellow, without the necessity for a previous reference to the colour of her window curtains.

True, indeed, it is that blessings must be lost before they can be fully appreciated. The story of Peter Schlemil has ceased to be a mystery to me. I can sympathise in all the trials and perplexities of that much persecuted young man, and understand how the loss of even one's shadow may be a misfortune, after having all one's life had the comfort of possessing it.

MORLAND THE PAINTER.

THE biography of a painter, in most cases, if it could be truthfully gathered from the treasury of his own experience, would portray the action of struggling both within and without—struggling with the difficulties of his art, and with the social difficulties to which the pursuit usually subjects its disciples. In most cases the painter's career is marked at its outset by the uneasy fretting of energies chained to an uncongenial employment, from which, after an unfulfilled apprenticeship, it frees itself to follow the bias or instinct, whichever it be, which makes men resign present comforts, and often friends, to become painters. Then succeeds the epoch of economical troubles: the age of privations supported by hope, and ambition sustained by the consciousness of improvement—the age of withheld patronage—painful shifts for subsistence—of shifts (harder still) to maintain appearances—of overstrained physical and mental powers—of, sometimes, a pencil of late afternoon sunlight in the shape of acknowledged merit, and the sympathy and praise, not to speak of world comforts, which it supplies—and lastly, always, we believe, that prophetic consciousness which real genius experiences of an aftertime of fame. This is a

skeleton life, which will fit most of those who have stamped the emotions of noble minds in form and colour, and whose long suffering under their labours we admire as much as their consummation.

To the subject of this sketch, George Morland, whose white horses, country storm, sensual pigs, and leaning pollard oaks, are nearly all that the sight-seeing public connect with his name, these general remarks will in no one particular apply. There is no early struggle on his part to be recorded either as to his art or his social circumstances—he never had to glance reproachfully at an unsold picture—he never lacked friends, admirers, or purchasers—knew no evils of poverty but what he wilfully created, rather we should say, courted—and for the glory or reward which attaches to posthumous fame, the anecdotes sprinkled in the following outline will show at what value he appraised articles so difficult in this mammon age for a prudent person to pretend to value at all.

We wish it to be understood that it is in the light of a warning, and not merely a criticism, or for the sake of catering to the amusement of readers, that the notices of his life, now almost lost to the public, are reproduced. Our English Teniers had many of the rude social virtues: they *would* have been virtues but for one besetting, unresisted vice, which had a hundred lower satellites. George Morland, the painter of his day, lived and died a drunkard. Like Naaman, he was the captain of a host, but a leper. Alas for us that such a leprosy should not in that age have been pronounced *unclean*! He was born in 1763 in the Haymarket, London, a lineal descendant of that ingenious mathematician, Samuel Morland, who received knighthood from Charles II. His father was a painter by profession, but of little note. At a wonderfully early period, his taste (whether by instinct within or accident without we determine not) was developed—a gaudy coach, stopping for a few minutes before his father's door, caught the boy's attention. The form lived in his mind's eye; an old pencil, rummaged from the debris of a painter's study, and a soiled piece of paper, equipped him with the instruments for reproducing the image. The drawing, which was wonderfully correct, was taken from his hand by the astonished father just as the urchin had concluded his first essay. It was shown about, pronounced a wonder, and forthwith his father dedicated him to the profession.

Before he could read, he was supplied with pencils and colours, and set down to copy the dull woodcuts which most of us can remember to have seen heading the doubtful poetry of Gay's fables. Such an employment did not harmonise with the lad's taste: he saw the figures never *could* run, and the paper was straightway covered with guinea-pigs and rabbits instead. As soon as he had arrived at the dignity of coat and breeches, he became a student at the Royal Academy of Somerset House. Here his time was equally divided between a keen attention to his studies and an indulgence in practical jokes, from the awkward consequences of which his extreme youth and the quaint piquancy of their nature seem to have saved him. It was during this nonage that he became acquainted with the excellencies and defects of Hobbema, Cuyp, and Ruysdael, the study of whose *chef-d'œuvres* assisted much in the formation of his style.

During the first part of his career in this nursery he was regular and earnest in his studies—a lecture-room full of half-employed, and not quite reserved lads, was far more congenial than the dull study at home; but he met with older companions, whose habits and tastes out of the lecture-room were most depraved. For a long while, absorbed in the subject of his inner dreams, he fenced off their invitations to join them in their orgies. But one day he was tempted to enter a neighbouring tavern, and induced for the first time to taste

a glass of gin. A personal friend—one who often stood between him and ruin in after-days—records sorrowfully the criticism he uttered after swallowing his first dram—‘He liked it so very much!’ About this time he had attained wonderful proficiency for his age; but when he was about fourteen or fifteen years old, his father tracing symptoms of unsteadiness, took the precaution of apprenticing him to himself for three years, an arrangement which seems to have met with no opposition on his side. A still more dangerous example of vicious principle was suggested by his own father, though happily his successful career preserved him, in after-times at least, from any temptation to follow it. He possessed a wonderful faculty of imitating the masters of the Dutch school, whose every touch he knew. Copies of them, prepared by the son, were put into the market by the father, and sold as originals; one especially on an old oak panel after Hobbema, which deceived the best judges—a gross breach of honesty, for which the unprincipled parent subjected himself to an action for recovery. George soon found that he could turn his talents to a private account. Though closely watched, he found opportunities of painting small pieces, which were furtively let down from the study window, and received by agents below, who repaid him by the discharge of certain bills for spirits, the amount of such payment being regulated according to the actual area or square inches of canvas thus disgraced.

Young Morland was, as we might expect from one so fond of animals, an equestrian; and yet, strange to say, always an unskillful one. About this time he indulged his taste by bestriding certain sorry hacks, the property of a cautious stable-keeper in the neighbourhood. Here, too, he was obliged to defraud his father of his services, canvas, and time, to gratify his passion. Money being scarce with him, he paid the horse-keeper in kind, and painted himself and family as a set-off for the use of his beasts. At the close of his apprenticeship he left his father, and formed an acquaintance with a Mr William Wane, a mezzotint draughtsman, whose sister he shortly after married, her brother at the same time marrying George’s sister. For a brief period after their marriages the two young couples occupied the same house; but a speedy dissension between the ladies ensued, and they parted company, Morland, then only twenty years of age, taking and furnishing a house near Kentish Town. Here for a while he lived soberly and steadily. His pictures sold as fast as he could produce them, and the society of his young bride chained him to his home. But soon comes a cloud. His wife, after giving birth to a stillborn child, fell into ill health, which marred her remarkable beauty, and impaired her cheerfulness. Very soon Morland began to absent himself from home in the evening; his old habit of dram-drinking revived; and some boon companions at such places as Mother Redcap’s and the Britannia Tavern offered far more enlivening society to his taste than that of a sickly and querulous wife. It was now that his early habits of intemperance were fatally confirmed: from this period he may be said to have become a confirmed toper.

Still the mornings were given to the study—his taste was rapidly rising towards maturity, admirers gathered round him, and many an amateur considered himself lucky in having obtained the promise of the ‘next’ picture, thrown off, rather than elaborated, by the pencil of a young man under twenty-two years of age. With this success his ideas enlarged as to expense: a larger house, extravagantly furnished, was taken in the neighbourhood, and fitted up in a manner becoming the possessor of an income of little less than £1,000 per annum, chiefly, if not entirely, of his own earning. It was about this time that he exhibited, in Somerset House gallery, a picture, ‘Visit to a Child and Nurse,’ which was especially admired, and de-

servedly so. His fortune now was at flood-tide; but, hampered with evil habits and vicious associates, he trifled with his hour, and never again could find strength to rouse himself to a reform. His increased expenses began now to outrun his handsome income; his labours were generally forestalled, the picture having been paid for before it was painted, and the price frittered away in tavern bills. He was not twenty-six years of age before he had commenced a system which will show sadly enough the deep entanglements in which he was involved: this was to borrow money for a certain date, and when, at its expiration, he found himself unprepared to meet the claim, to paint a picture for the renewal of the bill. The unhappy young man thus actually paid the creditor a bonus for indulgence in time, equal often to the value of half of his debt.

In 1789 two historical or rather political pictures were finished by him, from which prints were struck, which created a great sensation. The titles, ‘The Slave Trade,’ and ‘African Hospitality,’ will partly explain the unbounded popularity which they obtained. Soon after appeared a series of six of a domestic character, entitled ‘Letitia, or Seduction,’ following a poor unfortunate victim through her sad career; and these were pronounced to embody the terrible vigour of Hogarth with such tenderness as Goldsmith would have displayed if he had changed the pen for the pencil. Passing on to 1790, George was earning money fast, and spending it much faster. His home was embittered by domestic grievances: a spleenetic wife, a crowd of duns, and often tiptoeing dogging his steps, drove him for amusement and excitement elsewhere. Every morning, coachmen, grooms, and especially a body-guard of prize-fighters, amused him with their coarse jests while he worked at his easel. Spirits and wine in abundance were provided at his expense, and the levée generally terminated by the whole party sallying forth in a state of intoxication. Nor was his confidence in his sparring friends shaken when, one of them having borrowed a horse, which he forgot to return, and Morland having demanded his property, his instructor in the art of self-defence coolly reminded him of his inferior strength and science, and threatened personal chastisement if any further allusion were made to the subject.

Yet in the atmosphere of such a ‘soul-swamp’ as this he produced a picture entitled ‘The Fruits of Extravagance,’ which was a direct satire upon his own practice. The scene is a garret, occupied by a family group, with some wretched, crazy furniture, in keeping with the appearance of the room. A genteel middle-aged man forms the principal subject: he is sitting in a musing posture, with crossed legs, and hands tightly grasping one knee; at a little distance sits the poor wife, mending a tattered shirt; and near the chimney corner an engaging female figure is abstractedly using a pair of old worn bellowa to kindle up the sinking embers, the wonderful art of the painter having given an air of age to the thin drapery in which she shivers, without impairing its cleanly appearance. A meagre, sharp-visaged boy, seated on the ground, is looking almost wolfishly into his father’s face, yet with a tear on his cheek; a party-coloured quilt, hung in a recess, screens off the wretched beds; bare lath protrudes from the damp-looking walls all around; and a few ornaments of broken china—keepsakes of better days—conclude the schedule. A noble lesson this! and yet the man who designed it was at that very time consuming a bottle of fiery spirits during his morning hours of labour!

Morland’s latter days were marked by a series of eccentric follies, half whim, half insanity, from a number of which the following may be selected as characteristic of the man:—He had been constant in his patronage of the neighbouring publicans, and had run in debt with and disappointed all of them so often, that

they unanimously refused him any further credit. To be revenged, he proposed himself for the office of boroughreeve, which appointment, however, he could not obtain, owing to his well-known unsteady habits. An acquaintance was nominated to the post, and Morland forthwith paid him five guineas that he might be allowed to act as deputy. The offer was gladly accepted, and immediately he commenced a series of annoyances against his quondam allies the taverners. Soldiers were billeted on them in shoals, spies placed on their houses, gaugers summoned at all hours, searches instituted on suspicion of concealed spirits. At last the victims rebelled, and threatened a prosecution for conspiracy: the sequel was, that George Morland was compelled to pay five guineas more to be allowed to resign the office. But these last few years of extravagance and low debauchery had already brought their punishments. Many times he had been arrested, to be only released by the interference of his friends; and no sooner was he at large again, than suspended actions for debt recommended, officers dogged his steps at every turn, and only by a most intricate system of guarded doors, paid spies, and bribed bailiffs, was he enabled to evade fresh imprisonment.

This round of pecuniary difficulties, dissipation, low company, and, when hard pressed, really laborious attention to his profession, continued, with little intermission, until the close of the eighteenth century, which found George Morland deserted by all his better friends, broken in constitution, ruined in purse and credit; yet still, in spite of a declining style and vigour, as much as ever a favourite with the public. About 1798 he had been literally hunted out of London by the pursuit of the myrmidons of law. His exit was very characteristic; and its immediate cause was as follows:—A friend named Carts had advanced about a hundred and fifty pounds in an hour of need, on condition that a set of pictures should be furnished by a prescribed time. The bargain was not altogether a matter of friendship. Risk there was none. If the pictures could be obtained, the lender might expect eventually a very splendid interest on his venture. The money thus received by George was soon spent, and the terms to be fulfilled were forgotten. The day for payment arrived: Carts, having discovered his retreat, paid him a sudden visit, with a couple of officers, ready to arrest him. Morland had been employed on three pictures, almost finished, which had been purchased by an amateur, and were to be delivered the next morning. On entering his room, Carts, in a towering passion, bade him prepare for jail. He was then in the height of a Bacchanalian revel. Not a whit discomposed by the unexpected interruption, he took his angry creditor aside, and showing him the three pictures almost complete, promised that he should have them by daylight the next morning. Completely pacified, and ashamed of his sharp practice towards an old companion, Carts dismissed the officers, and was easily persuaded to join in the debauch. In a very short time he was made almost insensible, and conveyed to bed. Immediately Morland packs up his simple baggage, pictures and all, and starts by the morning mail for the Isle of Wight, leaving nothing for his gull'd creditor to carry away with him except a full-length caricature of himself, pinned to the wall of the apartment.

Having passed a week on the island, and taken a few sketches, news reached the painter that a pursuit was raised. In consequence of this he migrated to Yarmouth, and took up his abode at the inn. The next morning, whilst at breakfast, he was startled by the entrance of a party of six soldiers, with a lieutenant in uniform, who in courteous terms informed him that he was suspected of being a spy, and that he must consider himself under arrest. Fearing to give up his name and address, he merely assured the officer that he was a

travelling artist, and by way of proof opened his case, which contained two sketches, bearing every appearance of having been recently finished. In spite of all remonstrance, he was marched off by his body-guard to the nearest bench of sitting magistrates. The pictures were there laid before the dignitaries. The first was simply a spaniel, with a rough background of the island coast; the other a stable, in which stood the usual white horse, saddled for a journey, and a farmer outside, holding his purse, in an attitude of hesitation as to the amount of fee due to the ostler. Slight evidence, we may say, but most sapiently interpreted by the gallant officer. The former piece was supposed to be a symbolical notice, giving the enemy a plan of the island; the dog being supposed to designate the spot most favourable for the enemy landing. The latter was still more laboriously deciphered. The white horse was somehow held to represent the configuration of the bay, the stable being the island, the farmer the French paymaster, and the ostler the spy or draughtsman, who would not give up his work till the enemy paid him. Absurd as the whole charge may now appear, it was, in those days of panic, by no means too ridiculous to produce a serious discussion among the magistrates. After a suitably severe reprimand for having been suspected by them, Morland was released from arrest, and left to find his way fourteen miles on foot to his quarters as best he could.

Soon after this absurd incident, he stealthily moved back to London, and became an inmate of the King's Bench. Having in due time obtained the rules, he occupied a house in the Lambeth Road, and for the fiftieth time plunged into his old courses. His house now became a very Noah's Ark: all kinds of domestic animals—cats, guinea-pigs, fowls, rabbits—filled not only his garden and paddock, but even his rooms; and from these he made numerous sketches. His friend Collins states that while here, in the space of less than four years, he produced nearly two hundred pictures—a seemingly incredible number, were it not that their generally small size, united with his wonderful rapidity of execution, may somewhat reconcile us to the statement. One evening a trip into the country, coupled with a dinner, was proposed, at which, under forfeit of heavy recognizances, Morland was to be present. On the morning of the specified day, Collins happened to call, and found him in very low spirits; the meaning of which was, that on examining his pockets, he found himself without a shilling. After a few minutes, Collins was invited into the studio, where, having picked up a volume of Swift, he commenced a desultory conversation with his dejected friend, who was just beginning to lay on the ground-colour of a new piece, not then outlined. Insensibly conversation flagged, and for an hour the fortunes of Gulliver entirely engrossed the reader's mind; at length, on looking up, he saw, to his surprise, that what had been on his entrance a mere white piece of canvas, was now a half-finished picture with three figures. Morland was too busy to notice his friend's surprise; he continued to be absorbed in his work; and within two hours and a-half this afterwards celebrated picture was complete, when Morland turned with an air of triumph and exhaustion to invite his friend's criticism. The only reply of Collins was to offer him a ten-pound note for it as it stood. The offer was accepted, the picture removed, the money paid; and within six hours the greater part of the sum was dissipated in paying for the evening's expenses of himself and friends. The picture, so strangely produced and sold, fetched afterwards forty guineas. Its value is now far above that sum.

But Morland's days were numbered: in 1804 the strong enemy of the human frame and mind, to whom he had been captive so long, closed upon its victim; his appetite failed, his cheeks sunk, and a bloodshot eye, a staggering gait, a vacant look, and especially

the tremulous hand so discernible in his later works, foretold a speedy death. For a little while, by dint of care and medical aid, he seemed to rally; but the drunkard's apprenticeship was served, and the wages were ready: a fit of apoplexy, followed by another still more severe, cut him off on the 22d October 1804, in his forty-first year. The genius who, by mere force of native power, when scarcely of age, was making nearly a thousand a year, and who possessed originally an iron frame and constitution, died in a sponging-house!

A few words on George Morland's art. Romance was not in his thoughts; he knew little of anatomy; and from nice discriminations his habits totally debarred him. His studies were for the most part confined to animals; and we believe that of those subjects that he has drawn so strangely natural, there were few which were not portraits preserved in his memory, or taken on the spot.

The aspects of social life were his great treasury. His storms are not grand, but they are all natural, and create a sense of discomfort rather than awe in the beholder. His horses are all natural in the extreme, and betray a minute acquaintance with their stable habits; but of all his rustic creations none surpasses the genuine Morland pig. The true epicurean model pig he *has* achieved; and if Sauertag's theory concerning a porcine dynasty could be established in Dreamland, Morland certainly wanted no qualification to entitle him to the office of court painter.

THE METAL-FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

WHEN we gaze in admiration at some great work of plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see realised first started into life, than to any difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such unity throughout; material, form, and dimensions, are so adapted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughnesses or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. There stands the achieved fact in its perfect completeness: there is nothing to remind us of its progress towards that state, for the aids and appliances thereto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realised creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze, have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attended on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these for the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength, and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses into fury, and then subjugates to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace heaps of brass—cannon upon cannon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing what we have yet seen of fire, and growing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonized with its own efforts; but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is too hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters, are scorched,

and if the ordeal last much longer, all will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above it a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides!

Lest it be thought this picture is too highly-coloured, or that it owes anything to the imagination for its interest, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Bavaria, it was Schwanthalier whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might still be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty cwt. were added to the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought: nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now, not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and still increasing, as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who had directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot, but, like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes, when his wife roused him with the appalling cry, 'Awake, awake, the foundry is on fire!' And it was so. Nothing could stand such terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the usual way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal, the consequences would have been frightful: the furnace would have been destroyed, and the 400 cwt. of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore, the burning rafters were covered, to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire!—the heat is not enough; the metal boils not yet! Though the

rafter burn, and the walls glow, still feed, and gorge, and goad the fire!

At last the moment comes!—the whole mass is boiling! Then the metal-founder of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams, ‘Let them burn; the metal is ready for the cast!’ And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out into the mould below.

All now breathed more freely: there was an end of misgiving and foreboding; and the rude workmen, as if awe-struck by what they had accomplished, stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal for extinguishing the burning roof.

In due time the bell of the little chapel of Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

STREET INDUSTRY OF LONDON.

The number of costermongers—that is to say, of those street-sellers attending the London ‘green’ and ‘fish’ markets—appears to be, from the best data at my command, now 30,000 men, women, and children. . . . But great as is this number, still the costermongers are only a portion of the street-folk. Besides these, there are, as we have seen, many other large classes obtaining their livelihood in the streets. The street musicians, for instance, are said to number 1000, and the old clothesmen the same. There are supposed to be at the least 500 sellers of water-cresses; 200 coffee-stalls; 300 cats’-meat men; 250 ballad-singers; 200 play-bill sellers; from 800 to 1000 bone-grubbers and mud-larks; 1000 crossing-sweepers; another thousand chimney-sweeps, and the same number of turn-cocks and lamp-lighters—all of whom, together with the street-performers and showmen, tinkers, chair, umbrella, and clock-menders, sellers of bonnet-boxes, toys, stationery, songs, last dying speeches, tubs, pails, mats, crockery, blacking, lucifers, corn-salves, clothes-pegs, brooms, sweetmeats, razors, dog-collars, dogs, birds, coals, sand—scavengers, dustmen, and others—make up, it may be fairly assumed, full 30,000 adults; so that, reckoning men, women, and children, we may truly say that there are upwards of 50,000 individuals, or about a fortieth part of the entire population of the metropolis, getting their living in the streets.—*Mayhew’s London Labour and London Poor.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN LOOMS.

One of the partners in the firm of Messrs George Ashworth and Sons, woollen manufacturers in Rochdale, and Mr Thomas Mitchell, their manager, have patented an exceedingly ingenious mechanical contrivance, which detects the breaking of the web and stops the loom, with the shuttle and healds in the most convenient position for the weaver. An invention obtaining similar results has been applied to cotton looms for some time, but could not be used where wheeled shuttles were employed; hence the necessity for the patent now spoken of, which in noway depends on the form of the shuttle. In addition to this, the invention comprises a nice piece of mechanism, by which any given number of picks can be inserted in an inch of cloth, independent of the interference of the weaver, or the use of weights and levers, which are entirely dispensed with.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE GERMAN ARTISAN.

The artisan, it is known, is compelled in most German states to expend several of the best years of his life in the ranks of the army; much of what he has learned in the workshop he has unlearned in the barrack. An

artisan whose ingenuity is great, and who may be possessed of ample capital, cannot establish a business for himself: he must wait until a vacancy has been made for him by the death or withdrawal of some predecessor in his trade—the law prohibiting more than a fixed number of persons of any trade from practising such trade; consequently competition is a thing unheard of, and there rarely exists any stimulus to achieve excellence.—*Art Journal.*

CHRISTMAS.

CHILD of humanity,
Wearied with vanity,

Dear must the dawn of this morning appear;
For the glad festival,
Happiest rest of all,
Comes to bring peace to thee—Christmas is here.

Peasant laborious,
Beautiful—glorious

Sound the sweet chimes, as they fall on thine ear;
All who toil drearily,
Witness how cheerily

Flicks the good news around—‘Christmas is here!’

Ye that from chalices
Quaffing in palaces

Dream not of want, nor calamity fear,
Treat not disdainfully
Those who so painfully
Labour in penury—Christmas is here.

Christmas! what history
Equals thy mystery!

Angels to herald thee sang from the sphere:
Let us with gratitude
Own our beatitude,
Carol joyfully—‘Christmas is here.’

S. C.

BOOK-COLLECTING.

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them: the mere possession is a fantasy. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads anything but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village, and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don’t *steal!*—a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority. If your friends are churlish, and wont lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can’t even subscribe, still you can *think*—you must try to remember what you *have* read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did in old Chaucer’s tale. You’ll save your eyes too; and when you get beyond forty-five, that point is worth attending to. After all, what do you collect for? At most, a few years’ possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, ‘That is good drink, if a man could only stay by it.’ So are rare and curious libraries good things, if we could stay by them; but we can’t. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and china go too, and are knocked down by the smirking, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poultier wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, whilst you are writhing in unspeakable agony.—*Dublin University Magazine.*